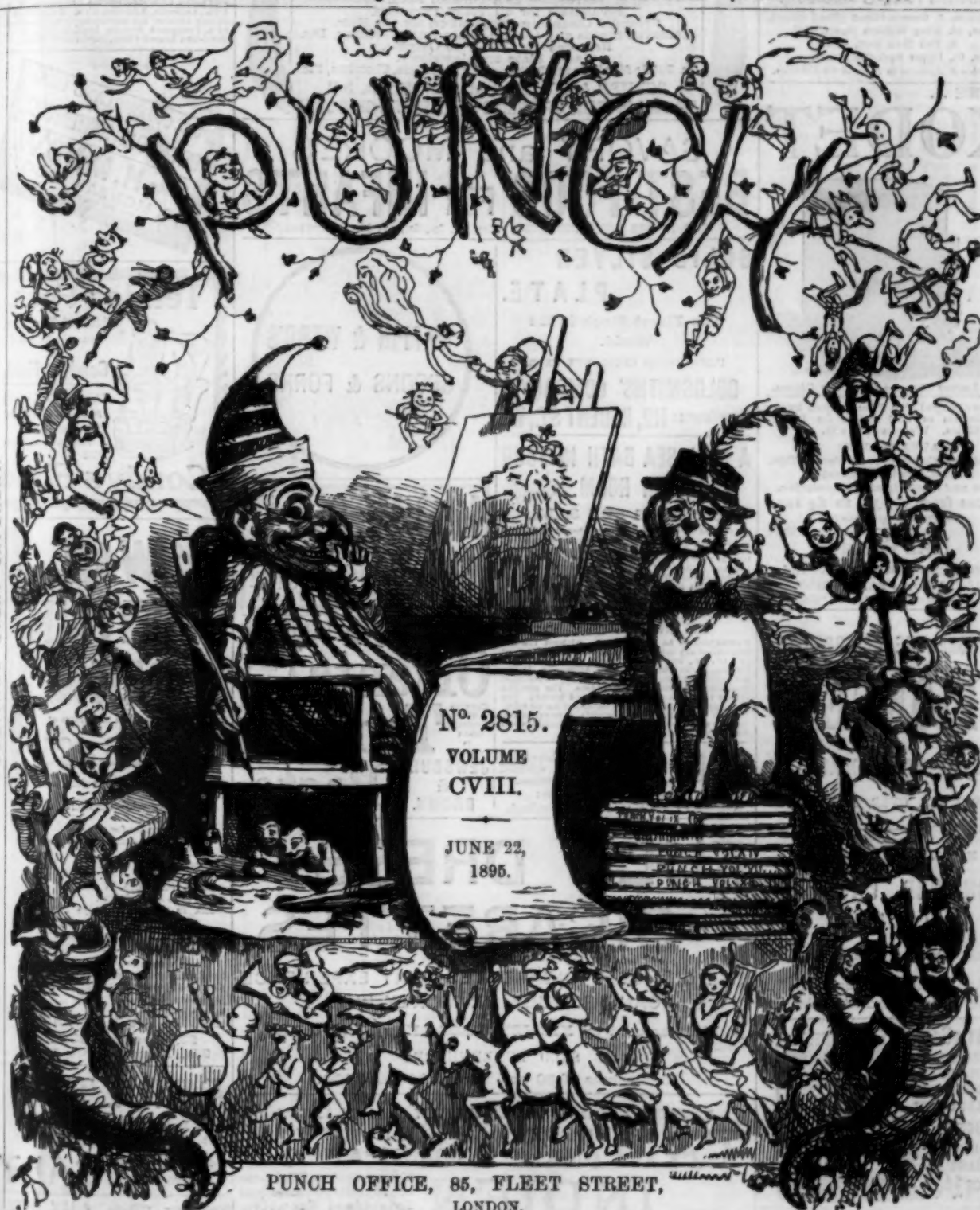


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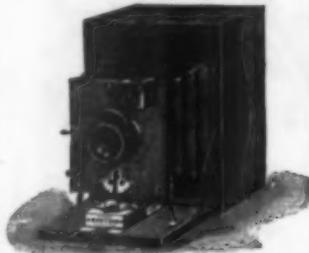
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ROUNABOUT READINGS.

IT has been noticed by philosophers that a mere name will often lead a man to his ruin. Why, for example, was JOHN DARLEY fined twenty shillings and costs at the Tynemouth Petty Sessions? He met a boiler-smith, RICHARD ROTHWELL, riding on a bicycle.



Thereupon, without any apparent reason, he used abusive language, bashed the unoffending boiler-smith on the nose, brandished a knife, and shouted out, "Come on!—I'm JOHNNY DARLEY, from Byker." There you have it. Residing, as he did, in a perpetual comparative, he naturally despised and loathed the positive "byke." Hence his violent assault on its rider.

I OBSERVE, with deep regret, that Professor LLOYD, of Southport, has been fined for trespassing on a railway bridge at Preston. The Professor did not want to stay there. All he wished to do, and all that he actually did, was to dive off into the water below. He is an aquatic Professor, and informed the Bench that he was obliged to do these things to keep up his reputation.

I'LL tell you a tale of Professor LLOYD,
Who dived off a bridge at Preston—
An act that the magistrates much annoyed,
Though he kept both his coat and vest on.
They said "You mustn't repeat this joke,
Professor, or else you'll rue it."
But LLOYD, the Professor, he up and spoke,
And said, "I'm obliged to do it."
Up on the bridge I stand for awhile,
I stand till I fairly shiver,
Then down I go—it seems like a mile—
And I plunge into the bubbling river.
I hope your worships won't "queer my pitch,"
For I'm sorry to give you trouble
In maintaining a reputation which
Is so closely combined with bubble."

I WISH I had been in Hawick lately. Ever since I first learnt the rudiments of the English language I have been haunted by a desire to know how a man looked and acted when he "bussed the Standard." They've done that at Hawick "in connection," as I read, "with the celebration of the ancient custom of the Common Riding." Later on "the local slogan 'Teribus' was sung with great vigour." There is something crushing, scattering, and battle-heralding about the mere sound of that fearful word.

J. B., who describes himself as "A Residenter in Oswald Road," writes to *The Scotsman* to complain of the flimsy material used in the construction of the lamp-posts near his dwelling. The other day a milk-van ran away—at least, the horse drawing it did. "One would think," says J. B., "the progress of such a small vehicle would have been arrested by coming into collision with one lamp-post, but four posts were destroyed by the van. On examination it is found that the foundation of a street lamp-post only goes three inches into the stone below it. With such a short hold the lamp-post is easily toppled over." Of course it is. To fix lamp-posts so inadequately gives a direct encouragement to milk-vans to run away and attempt their destruction. Let the Lord Provost of Edinburgh look to it.

THE Master and the Matron of the workhouse at Stratford-on-Avon have resigned, and the guardians have been "considerably discussing" the appointment of their successors. Eventually it was resolved, not only to reduce the salaries, but also—hear this, ye licensed victuallers!—to cut off the beer-money hitherto paid. What dignity can possibly attach to a workhouse officer who has to pay for his own beer? It is by such insidious attacks as this that the foundations of public confidence are shaken, and the whole fabric of the Constitution is endangered. My mind misgives me when I attempt to forecast the future of Stratford.

At Tetbury there is a lodge of the recently-established Conservative Working Men's Benefit Society. It is called—*absit omen*—the Trouble House Lodge, and quite recently it held a *fête* and dinner. 'Tis always *fête*-day somewhere in the world. Indeed, the amount of *fêtes* that take place on any given day in provincial England is astounding. Without frequent *fêtes* no district can be considered respectable.

In the world that we live in our troubles are great
To add to their number is scarcely the game.
Nay, how can these lodgers delight in their *fêtes*,
With perpetual trouble attached to their name?

AT Owens College, Manchester, so I gather from the letter of "An Old Student" in *The Manchester Guardian*, some of the students are beginning to feel, that "while its teaching of specific subjects is admirable, in fact, unsurpassed, its general education—that education which consists in the development of men—has not yet reached the same level." They therefore wish to develop athletics, and by making the modest subscription of 10s. 6d. compulsory on all, "to decoy the unathletic man into taking exercise almost without knowing it." At present only 150 out of 800 students pay up. I heartily commend this proposal, though I confess I should like to know what sort of exercise it is that a man can take almost without knowing it. Let the unathletic man be decoyed by all means, but let him thoroughly understand that he is to take exercise, and take it, if possible, with reasonable violence.

MR. N. F. DRUCE, of Cambridge, is, as I write, at the head of the betting averages of this year, and next to him comes the marvellous W. G.

Ye batsmen attend, of my hints make a use,
And consider the greatness of GRACE and of DRUCE.
If you wish to make hundreds your names, you'll agree
Must be monosyllabic and end with c, e.

ASCOT.

To Monsieur Punch.

CHER MONSIEUR,—Last year I am gone to your races of Ascot. It is beautiful, it is ravishing, but how it is dear! Thousand thunders, how it is dear! I go to the *Grand Prix*, I pay twenty francs, that is also dear, but it is all, it is finished. Eh well, I desire to see one time your Gold Cup, and I go of good hour by railway. Arrived there I pay one pound, that what you call one sov., and I enter. I suppose I can go by all—*partout*, how say you? Ah, but no! I see by all some *affiches* "One Pound."

I can write your language enough well, but I speak with much of difficulty. Therefore I read the *affiches* without nothing to ask. Thus when I read "One Pound" I go no more far. I walk myself in the charming garden and I see the beautiful misses. Ah how they are adorable! DAUDET has wrong, DAUDET is imbecile, they are adorable. It is not the pain to pay again some pounds for to see to run the horses, when I can to see the misses who walk themselves here, without to pay of more.

But in fine I am fatigued. Also I have great hunger, for it is the hour of the *déjeuner*. But without doubt one is obliged to pay one pound before to enter the bar. My word, I will not I shall not pay one sov., and more, for a squashed lemon and a bun of Bath. I go to smoke at place of that, and I walk myself at the shade all near of an arch.

All of a blow all the world lifts himself and comes very quick towards me. I cannot escape, I am carried away by the crowd, I arrive to the arch. I think "*Du courage, AUGUSTE mon cher! Sois calme! S'il y a encore une livre à payer*—" But there is no sov., and I pass. Thousand thunders! What is, then, this noise? Is he a revolution, a riot of Anarchists? Ah, no! It are the bookmakers. The bookmakers in the midst of the ladies! Hold, it is droll! And I pay one sov. to stand with those men there! It is too strong! I go more far, I pass the barrier, I am alone on the grass. I go to left. I see some men, in a cage of iron, who cry also. It is—how say you?—"Taternal." Then, ah heaven, I arrive at the true *Pesage*! Not of burgesses, not of villain beasts of bookmakers, not even of "Taternals." But *partout* the ladies the most beautiful, the most charming, the most adorable! It is there I go! Even if I pay one sov., two sovs., three sovs., I go!

I essay to enter. The policeman stops me. I say, "One pound?" and I offer to him one sov. He looks all around, and then he says, quite low, "No good, Sir—the inspector's looking." I say, "She is good, that pound there, I assure you of it. Is there two to pay?" And I hold one other. Then the inspector comes and says I bribe the policeman. I say that no. He says that yes. I am furious. I say I pay the entrance. He says, "Get off the course." I refuse. He pushes me. I resist. Other policemen push me. Just heaven, they force me to go! I cannot resist. Then all the people in face cry furiously. They shout "Welshman!" How they are stupid! Can they think that I am a Welshman—me, AUGUSTE? Ah, that it is droll! Then the policemen run, and I run also. I wish not to run, but I am forced. And, in fine, we are at the railway station, and they put me in a train, and I arrive to London at three o'clock. See there all that I have seen of your races of Ascot, and I have paid one sov. It costs very dear.

Sincere friendships,

AUGUSTE.



"HONEY, MY HONEY!"

Chinaman. MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR THIS LITTLE ADVANCE; BUT I'M AFRAID I SHALL WANT SOME MORE SOON."

Bear (aside) "SO SHALL I! A GOOD DEAL MORE—FROM YOU."

[Hums "Oh, honey, MY honey!"]



HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Auntie. "ARCHIE, RUN UP TO THE HOUSE, AND FETCH MY RACKET. THERE'S A DEAR!"

Archie (preparing to depart). "ALL RIGHT. BUT I SAY, AUNTIE, DON'T LET ANYBODY TAKE MY SEAT, WILL YOU?"

THE MAN AND THE MAID.

(Up-to-date "Biking" Version.)



"WHERE are you going, young Man?" cried the Maid.

"I'm going a cycling, Miss!" he said.

"May I come with you, young Man?" asked the Maid.

"Why, ye-es, if you feel like it, Miss!" he said.

"But—why do I find you like Man arrayed?"

"Oh, knickers are comfy, young Man!" she said.

"But the boys will cheivy you, Miss, I'm afraid!"

"What does *that* matter, young Man?" she said.

"Are you a Scorchier, young Man?" asked the Maid.

"Nothing so vulgar, fair Miss!" he said.

"Then I don't think much of you!" mocked the Maid.

"Neither does 'ARRY, sweet Miss!" he said.

"What is your ideal, young Man?" said the Maid.

"A womanly Woman, fair Miss" he said.

"Then I can't marry you, Sir!" cried the Maid.

"Thank heaven for *that*, manly Miss!" he said.

A RULE OF CONDUCT.

YOU say to a man what you *couldn't* write to him; and you write to a man what you *wouldn't* say to him.—JAMES THE TRANQUILL PENMAN, J.P.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

A FAMOUS old mill has been burned to the ground. None other than that situate upon the river Dee, where a certain jolly miller sang songs and earned the envy of "bluff King HAL" in days of old, wearing the white flour of a blameless life. He also wore a white hat, for the purpose, it is said, of keeping his head warm. The modern miller wears one in summer to keep his head cool. No doubt he found it useful at the fire. Great thing to keep a cool head on such occasions. The mill has now been destroyed by fire four times. There was an ancient prophecy, according to a local paper, that it was doomed to be burned down three times. This Delphic oracle would, of course, have inspired the simple gentlemen of old Greece to give up insuring after the third fire. Probably the modern "miller of the Dee" has committed a paradox, and profited by a lofty disregard for his prophet.

ALL Saints Church, Old Swan, is the first Liverpool church which has adopted the innovation of lady choristers wearing the new surplices and caps, which have been specially designed for their use. The surplices are quite unlike those used by the clergy; they are more like dolmans. The caps are of the shape worn by a D.C.L., and are made of violet velvet. One of the most cogent reasons for their adoption is expressed by the Rev. Canon WILKINSON, who, as appears from the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, writes thus:—"Since these garments have been introduced, the offerings in the church have been increased by at least one-third."

INTERNATIONAL DISCOURTESY.—The French law, it seems, requires the owner of a yacht, in which he is himself sailing, to supply stores of victual and drink for his crew. A French yacht put in at Dartmouth, says the *Field*, and the Dartmouth Custom-house officials darted down on her, and made the owner pay for what he used of his own. "They manage these things better in France." This would have been indeed, "a 'Custom' more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

RUS IN URBE

A SKETCH IN REGENT'S PARK.

SCENE—A walled-in corner of the Park. TIME—about 7 P.M.

Inside the inclosure three shepherds are engaged in shearing the park sheep. The first shepherd has just thrown his patient on its back, gripped its shoulders between his knees, and tucked its head, as a tiresome and obstructive excrescence, neatly away under one of his arms, while he reaches for the shears. The second is straddled across his animal, which is lying with its hind legs hobbled on a low stage under an elm, in a state of stoical resignation, as its fleece is deftly snipped 'rom under its chin. The third operator has almost finished his sheep, which, as its dark gray fleece slips away from its pink-and-white neck and shoulders, suggests a rather décolletée dowager in the act of removing her theatre-cloak in the stalls. Sheep, already shorn, lie and pant in shamed and shivering bewilderment, one or two nibble the blades of grass, as if to assure themselves that that resource is still open to them. Sheep whose turn is still to come are penned up at the back, and look on, scandalised, but with an air which seems to express that their own superior respectability is a sufficient protection against similar outrage. The shearers appear to take a humorous view of their task, and are watched by a crowd which has collected round the railings, with an agreeable assurance that they are not expected to contribute towards the entertainment.

First Work-Girl (edging up). Whatever's goin' on inside 'ere? (After looking—disappointed.) Why, they ain't on'y a lot o' sheep! I thought it was Reciters, or somethink o' that.

Second Work-Girl (with irony). They look like Reciters, don't they! It do seem a shame cuttin' them poor things as close as convicts, that it do!

First W. G. They don't mind it partickler; you'd 'ear 'em 'oller fast enough if they did.

Second W. G. I expect they feel so ridic'lus, they 'aven't the 'art to 'oller.

Lucilla (to GEORGE). Do look at that one going up and sniffing at the bundles of fleeces, trying to find out which is his. Isn't it pathetic?

George. H'm—puts one in mind of a shy man in a cloak-room after a party, saying feebly, "I rather think that's my coat, and there's a crush-hat of mine somewhere about," eh?

Lucilla (who is always wishing that GEORGE would talk more sensibly). Considering that sheep don't wear crush-hats, I hardly see how—

George. My dear, I bow to your superior knowledge of natural history. Now you mention it, I believe it is unusual. But I merely meant to suggest a general resemblance.

Lucilla (reprovingly). I know. And you've got into such a silly habit of seeing resemblances in things that are perfectly different. I'm sure I'm always telling you of it.



George. You are, my dear. But I'm not nearly so bad as I was. Think of all the things I used to compare you to before we were married!

Sarah Jane (to her Trooper). I could stand an' look on at 'em hours, I could. I was born and bred in the country, and it do seem to bring back my old 'ome that plain.

Her Trooper. I'm country bred, too, though yer mightn't think it. But there ain't much in sheep shearin' to my mind. If it was pig killin', now!

Sarah Jane. Ah, that's along o' your bein' in the milingitary, I expect.

Her Trooper. No, it ain't that. It's the reckonleotions it 'ud call up. I 'ad a 'ole uncle a pork-butcher, d'ye see, and (with sentiment) many and many a 'appy hour I've spent as a boy—

[He indulges in tender reminiscences.]

A Young Clerk (who belongs to a Literary Society, to his Fiancée). It has a wonderfully rural look—quite like a scene in 'Ardy, isn't it?

His Fiancée (who has "no time for reading rubbish"). I daresay; though I've never been there myself.

The Clerk. Never been? Oh, I see. You thought I said Arden—the Forest of Arden, in SHAKESPEARE, didn't you?

His Fiancée. Isn't that where Mr. GLADSTONE lives, and goes cutting down the trees in?

The Clerk. No; at least it's spelt different. But it was 'ARDY I meant. Far from the Madding Crowd, you know.

His Fiancée (with a vague view to the next Bank Holiday). What do you call "far"—farther than Margate?

[Her companion has a sense of discouragement.]

An Artisan (to a neighbour in broadcloth and a white choker). It's wonderful 'ow they can go so close without 'urtin' of 'em, ain't it?

His Neighbour (with unction). Ah, my friend, it on'y shows 'ow true it is that 'eving tempers the shears for the shorn lambs!

A Governess (instinctively, to her charge). Don't you think you ought to be very grateful to that poor sheep, ETHEL, for giving up her nice warm

fleece on purpose to make a frock for you?

Ethel (doubtfully). Y—yes, Miss MAJOR. But (with a fear that some reciprocity may be expected of her) she's too big for any of my best frocks, isn't she?

First Urchin (perched on the railings). Ain't that 'un a-kickin'? 'E don't like 'aving 'is 'air cut, 'e don't, no more shouldn't I if it was me. . . . 'E's bin an' upset 'is bloke on the grates, now! Look at the bluke layin' there larfin'. . . . 'E's ketch'd 'im agin now. See 'im landin' 'im a smack on the 'ed; that'll learn 'im to stay quiet, eh? 'E's strong, ain't 'e?

Second Urchin. Rams is the wust, though, 'cause they got 'orns, rams 'ave.

First Urch. What, same as goats?

Second Urch. (emphatically). Yuss! Big crooked 'uns. And runs at yer, they do.

First Urch. I wish they was rams in 'ere. See all them sheep waitin' to be done. I wonder what they're finkin' of.

Second Urch. Ga-arn! They don't fink, sheep don't.

First Urch. Not o' anyfink?

Second Urch. Na-ow! They aint got nuffink to fink about, sheep ain't.

First Urch. I lay they do fink, orf an' on.

Second Urch. Well, I lay you never see 'em doin' of it!

[And so on. The first Shepherd disrobes his sheep, and dismisses it with a disrespectful spank. After which he proceeds to refresh himself from a brown jar, and hands it to his comrades. The spectators look on with deeper interest, and discuss the chances of the liquid being beer, cider, or cold tea, as the scene closes.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Grand night. Memorable for *rentrée* of ADELINA PATTI. She has been absent from C. G. Opera many years. Welcome little stranger! Absence makes hearts fonder, and so Big Heart of Big House, crowded right up to tipmost topmost, goes out to ADELINA PATTI re-appearing as radiant



Patti commence la Patti-série.

in perfect tune. DE LUCIA first rate as poor, spoony little *Alfredo*; and ANCONA admirable as Old Original G. G., i.e., *Georgy Germont*. "Pura siccome," and "Parigi o cara," old friends all, come out as fresh as ever, or fresher. Get story rather mixed up with that of *Manon*, which in some respects it resembles: *Violetta* evidently *Manon*'s niece, or first cousin. Touchingly sympathetic acting on part of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as the nurse (draught, &c., every hour, prescriptions carefully made up) attending the suffering soprano. *Annina* deeply touched by sad meeting between *Alfredo*, "such a Daisy,"—or, such a "Lack-a-Daisy,"—and his sweet *Violet*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Who won the battle of Tel-el-Kebir?" "I, said Cock HAMLEY, I won Tel-el-Kebir with my Highland Brigade." Mr. INNES SHAND's life of General Sir E. B. HAMLEY (BLACKWOOD) is obviously published with chief intent of placing in permanent form HAMLEY's claim in respect of this engagement. It is not a new story. It was published to the world soon after the event in the pages of a monthly magazine. The article, a model of terse, lucid, yet picturesque writing, is reproduced in these volumes. Whether accurate in detailed assertion and induction, or coloured by strong feeling, it is a melancholy story. Either HAMLEY was deliberately ignored in the Commander-in-Chief's despatches after Tel-el-Kebir, or he was under a remarkable hallucination. The affair is all the more curious since Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, as soon as he was appointed to the Egyptian command, sought out HAMLEY and offered him the command of one of the divisions of the expeditionary force. The secret of the estrangement which soon developed between the two soldiers is, my Baronite suspects, to be found in the characteristic fact that the very day the ship conveying Sir GARNET WOLSELEY arrived at Alexandria, HAMLEY went on board and proposed to show his chief how the enemy should be attacked. "He did not seem to wish to pursue the subject," HAMLEY writes in his diary, "and I soon after took leave." Other incidents, which HAMLEY hotly resented, culminated in the despatch to the War Office reporting the fight at Tel-el-Kebir, and ignoring the Highland Brigade, which, in the view of its commander, had borne the brunt of the battle. Some day Lord WOLSELEY may give his

version of the affair. Meantime it gloomily stands forth in this record of a strenuous but, on the whole, a disappointed life. It is pleasant to learn that HAMLEY gratefully recognised in one of Mr. *Punch's* Cartoons a powerful incentive to the course of public feeling which postponed his being shelved under the operation of the scheme of compulsory retirement by reason of age. The most charming passages in the book are the correspondence with the late Mr. BLACKWOOD, who opened to General HAMLEY the avenue to literary fame.

One of my Baronites of Irish extraction writes thusly:—"A Tale of the Thames is the title of the Summer Number of *The Graphic*. It is written by J. ASHBY-STERRY, and illustrated by WILLIAM HATHERELL. The course of the story—or, rather, the watercourse of the story—covers a good deal of ground, embracing as it does, on both sides, most places of interest between the Source in Trewsbury Mead, Gloucestershire, and Hampton Court." Quoth the Baron, "I am all anxiety to see this tale of the Thames uncoil itself."

The Baron welcomes a comparatively "handy" volume ("handy" relative term, depending on size of hand) of reference, entitled, *Men and Women of the Time*, new edition, brought out by Messrs. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, edited by Mr. PLARR of Oxford; and the *plat* that is set before the public and the Baron appears to be a thoroughly satisfying one. "The first name for which I naturally looked," quoth the Baron, "was that of ROUTLEDGE himself, but searching from ROSSI, through Roumania, to ROWBOTHAM, nowhere did I light upon the name of ROUTLEDGE. Master MILLAIS is here, also MILLER, likewise MILLS; but I do not see the name of the author of the 'Arty Papers,' the inventor of 'ARRY' in these columns, of immortal fame. 'Name him!' In every other respect the compilers and publishers are to be congratulated, and do hereby stand congratulated, on their work by the ever-appreciative BARON DE B.-W."

THE TWO GRACES.

"There was something pathetic in seeing old W. G. and young W. G. at the wicket together. It is not often we see father and son together at the wicket in first-class cricket."—The *Star* on the M. C. C. v. Kent match at Lords.]

AIR—"The Two Obadias."

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Pat your wicket, dear son WILLIAM, pat your wicket! In the pitch there are bad patches, that may lead to bowls or catches; And you're now in first-class cricket, first-class cricket."

I've already topped my fame; you have got to make your name.

I should like to see us both make a 'century' this time!

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"'T would be prime, Father WILLIAM, 't would be prime!"

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"How I wish that I could time and place like you!

I should like to hear them clap me, but my gig-lamps handicap me;

Still I'll do my little best to pile a few."

Says the old W. G., "Run for all you're worth, like me!"

You must always 'play the game.' You must ever 'look alive.'"

Groans the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"Caught—for Five! Father WILLIAM, only Five!"

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Bother HEARN, dear son WILLIAM, JONES and HEARN!"

But don't you get in a pucker! Caught and bowled for Five's a But be patient, and you're sure to get your turn. [much er,

I am going to have a shy for another Cen-tu-ry.

You must help me by-and-by to keep up the family name!"

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"Right you are, dad! Wish you luck, and a good game!"

"THREE WHICH'S?"—Will SARA B., ELIZABETH DUNE, and Miss ADA REHAN be playing individually and separately at different theatres all at the same time? Were this concatenation to occur, the playgoer, at the height of the season, would be as puzzled as was the "anxious cit," who "each invitation views, And ponders which to take and which refuse." The "stayer" will win. Fly away, SARA, fly away, NORA—and so from three take two, and only ADA REHAN remains, which is a simple sum in subtraction, though Miss REHAN herself is always a most welcome Ada-dition to the English-as-she-is-spoken Drama in London. The Augustinians of Trafalgar Square return to their Daly avocations on the 25th.



Tom Bowling.



UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCE.

Curate (to Parish Choir, practising the Anthem). "NOW WE'LL BEGIN AGAIN AT THE 'HALLELUJAH,' AND PLEASE LINGER LONGER ON THE 'LU'!"

THE GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

SIR,—Being "stumped," alas I can only send Dr. GRACE my best wishes, and a round O, which is good for naught.

Yours, RUN OUT.

SIR,—To encourage "Our Boys" in the National Game, I am heartily glad to see the daily (*Telegraph*) increasing list of subscribers to the testimonial. Had poor H. J. BYRON been alive—the mention of "Our Boys" of course recalls him to our minds—he would no doubt have sent a coin, and further subscribed himself

PERKYN MIDDLEWICK-ET.

SIR,—The present enthusiasm for cricket and its distinguished Professor will spread to France. There *le cricquet* has already been introduced, and, when no misadventure occurs, the batsman, returning triumphant and grateful, records his "*actions de Grace*."

Yours, HOMME D'UNE CHAUVRE-SOURIS.

P.S.—*Je fais le cricquet, autrement je m'ENGRAISSE.* (See?)

SIR,—I miss one important name from the *Telegraph* list of subscriptions to Grace Testimonial. What is GRACE the Batsman without T. G. BOWLES?

Yours, BATTER PUDDING, M.P.

SIR,—Here's something original. Lay out some of the coin subscribed in purchasing for Dr. W. G., the champion "Willow-wielder," a set of "Willow-pattern plates."

OLD CHINA.

P.S.—I happen to have by me a rare, almost invaluable set, which I can dispose of at a certain figure.

SIR,—Dr. GRACE is now getting on for fifty. In another four years he will complete his half century. Therefore he is no chicken. Ergo, he may one day have a duck's egg. I withhold my subscription, to accumulate with interest, till that occurs.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER.

SIR,—Ah me! and well-a-day! it is the grand sorrow of my life! I cannot subscribe to this fund for Dr. GRACE. I dare not, except you allow me to send it confidentially through you, Sir, ever the Ladies' friend. Ah Sir! long ago my heart "went out"—to whom? no

matter. It was a cricketer. I never told my love! I long-stopped! But never, never, shall I forget that memorable day when he was there, and when someone, Dr. G. will remember who it was, bowled a maiden over! I am not a heroine, but I may sign this (as I address it fervently to) "GRACE DARLING!"

The Lighthouse, A Little off—the Coast.

SIR,—I belong to an "Impi" tribe—with "cunious" added. Otherwise would I contribute what I did to the first cricket-match I ever played, when, as the ball was thrown at me, to save my head I gave a bob. I cannot even do that now. But as a lover of the game I hope that there are many youthful Britons eager to follow "Exemplum Gratie."

Yours, STUMP ORATOR.

DEAR SIR,—I think you are quite right to encourage cricket, as it is a noble game. The Duke of WELLINGTON once said that Trafalgar was won on the Eton Playing-fields. I don't think he was quite right there, as I have always been told that the battle was fought abroad. I am last in my class, but I'm in the second Eleven. I'm often "not out," and to-day I've had to "stay in" all the time during the match, because I had a saying-lesson to write out and translate. The other day I made 27, including three

fourers, against the United Thingummies.

I remain, yours enthusiastically,

The Only College.

TOMMY.

P.S.—I will send my shilling as soon as I can get it from BAITLEY *mi*. He owes it me for birds' eggs.

SIR,—I am only too happy to contribute my mite, for though it's some while—alas! how time flies—since I handled the willow, I well remember playing in the early forties against ALFRED PITCHER and JOHN TOSSEY. Ah, they were heroes in those days. I myself was no mean performer. I tell you, Sir, many's the time I have made double figures against the underhand bowling of JIMMY TRUNDLER, and he could bowl, too! before the round-arm style came in. I never took kindly to that, but these fifty years I have been an ardent locker-on, and I must tell you, &c. &c.*

JNO. WARDLE.

(Late Member of All-Muggleton C. C.)



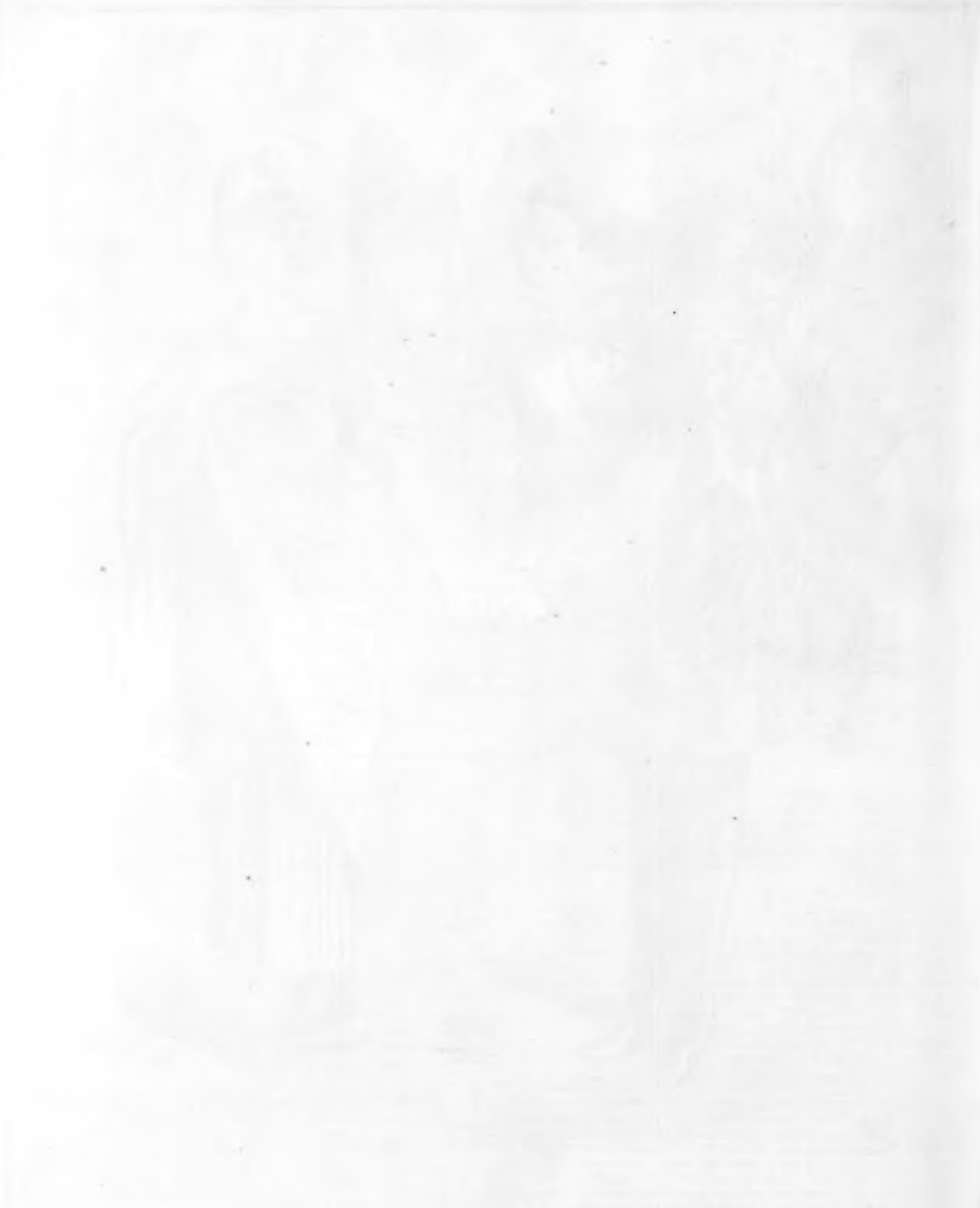
A Wicket Girl.

* "No you mustn't." Caught out by Editor.



“A FLYING VISIT.”

EMPEROR WILLIAM (to MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE leaving Kiel after very brief stay). “MUST YOU REALLY GO? SO SORRY!”



Published by the American Medical Association
535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.



"Perfect Lady" (who has just been ejected). "Well, NEXT TIME I GOES INTO A PUBLICHOUSE, I'LL GO SOMEWHERE WHERE I'LL BE RESPECTED!"

"A SALE! A SALE!"

THE Price Sale of pictures on Saturday last at Christie's will be ever memorable as "The Highest Price Sale." "What's the demd total?" was the first question Mr. Mantalini asked. To which the present answer is £87,144. A nice little sum to go on with, or off with. One of the incidents was most dramatic. GAINSBOROUGH'S "Lady Musgrave" was put up to be purchased. Then stood forward bold WILLIAM AGNEW with eight thousand guineas in his best gossamer. "The lady is mine!" he exclaimed, rapturously, and was advancing with arms outstretched to seize his prize, when suddenly his path was crossed by one CAMPBELL "of that ilk" who cried aloud, "Here are ten thousand golden sovereigns plus ten thousand silver shillings, all glittering on a tray! Advance no further!" And bold WILLIAM advanced no further. For once he was taken aback. "I didna ken the CAMPBELL was coming!" muttered WILLIAM A-bashed. And ere he could recover from his surprise, and while yet his frame was quivering with excitement, his picture, the Lady that should have been his, was gone. "They have given her to another!" he sang sadly, but the next moment he pulled himself together, and "taking heart of Grace" WILLIAM made such running, off his own bat, as would have astonished even the eminent cricketer just mentioned. And the last of the "Reynolds' Miscellany" in this collection succumbed to WILLIAM the Conqueror for 450 guineas. *Sic transit gloria Saturday!*

NEW NAME.—The Imperial Institute henceforward to be known as "The Somers Vinery."

PROVERBS BY AN ILLUSTRIOUS FOREIGNER ON TOUR.

THE time of special trains was made for slaves, not Asiatic Princes.

You may take an Eastern Magnate to a manufactory, but you can only with difficulty get him to lunch with the local Mayor.

There is many a slip between the Prince and the lift.

A view of machinery in motion in hand is worth two invitations to receptions in prospective.

Cocked-hats of a feather flock together. You cannot make pleasure out of the address of a corporation.

All roads lead to turtle soup.

It is an ill wind that causes a swell on the Ship Canal.

People who live in mosques ought not to throw sticks at the Derby.

A programme kept to time is not worth nine.

The early mayor has to wait longest. Give a Highness a wrong title and report him.

Enough at a factory is better than a feast in a Town Hall.

It is a long explanation that has no turning.

A jerk is as good as a nod to a bowing multitude.

When a person of the first importance enters by the door all settled arrangements disappear through the window.

The Representative of an Illustrious Race laughs at Traffic Managers.

The English Public enjoys a sensation, but the Indian Empire pays for it.

When the Prince is away, to fill up the time the band will play.

The son proposes but the father disposes.

The autocrat through the telegraph waits for no one.

Welcome the coming quiet and speed the exhausted guest.

An Opportunity not to be Missed.

Tired Reviewer (to Anxious Author). Ah! old fellow! I'm fagged out! Come and dine with me to-night? Sorry to give you such short notice.

Anxious Author. "Short notice!" Oh, please, never do that. [Exeunt together.]

A FINE SUMMER DAY'S OUTING.

HIGHLY recommended by "The Faculty" (who has tried it more than once). Given a perfectly calm sea, a delicious light breeze, and anything else "given" that you can get, including pleasant company, then, with tears in your patriotic eyes, and a tremolo in your voice, bid farewell (for a couple of hours or so) to old England, cross the Channel, invade France *à la Calais*, where, however calm the sea has been, you must be prepared for a "buffet"; but this "buffet" is not at all rough, just the contrary, and if by chance you should have at all suffered from any unevenness in the wave line, you are sure, on arriving at Calais, of a "restauration" which will send you back in another hour and a half quite the giant refreshed. That same evening you can pose as a real traveller just returned from "the Continent," which will serve you excellently both as reason and apology for not having answered any letters, and neglected epistolary business generally during the last month. "Been away, my boy!" "Ah, that's why you didn't answer my letter. Where have you been?" "Oh! France, about Normandy. Delightful. Ta! Ta!" And perhaps the expenditure of the day's trip will have saved you from all sorts of trouble, pecuniary and otherwise, that you might have got into had you remained at home, answering letters. But, as to the benefit of the sea air—there can't be two opinions about that.

A DISTINGUISHED COMMONER WHO CANNOT VOTE FOR DOING AWAY WITH "LORD'S."—Dr. GRACE. Public school elevens and M. C. C. all against such a proposition.

BOLD J. H. TAYLOR.

[J. H. TAYLOR, an Englishman born and bred, has for the second time won the Open Championship (Golf) at the St. Andrews Links.]

Oh! young J. H. TAYLOR is a fine young fellow,
At whom the Scotsmen may hardly scoff;
For though he's Saxon by birth and breeding,
He is champion now at the Game of Golf!

On St. Andrews' Links when the rain was pouring,
He smote the ball with a manly blow;
And he distanced St. Andrews' ANDREW—KIRKALDY—
Though TAYLOR was trained in far Westward Ho!

And he went the four rounds fair and featly,
In strokes three hundred, and twenty, and two,
Which SANDY HERD, and ANDY KIRKALDY,
And DAVE ANDERSON, they could not do.

It may seem sheer cheek for "a gowk of a Saxon"
To take the cake at the Gaelic Game; [oerest flattery,
But as imitation's the sin—
Let 'em take a licking in the light o' the same.

So here's a health to bold J. H. TAYLOR,
Lord of the Links, at the tee a toff; [alighted Southron
Who takes first place for the At the Ancient and Royal Game of Golf!

**ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.**

'Arry (on a Northern Tour, with Cockney pronunciation). "THEN I'LL AVE A BOTTLE OF AILE."
Hostess of the Village Inn. "ILK, SIR! WE'VE NANE IN THE HOOSE, BUT CASTOR ILE OR PARAFFINE. WAD ONY O' THEM DAE, SIR!"

"HOUSE OF REST FOR ACTORS."

BENEATH the spreading BEER-BOHM TREE
The Resting Actor stands,
And grateful takes the £ s. d.
From Active Actors' hands.
No more he'll strut upon the stage
Where he has done his best,
Nothing he'll need, while active men
Are doing all the rest.

Classical and Cockney.

Hal. It was a Greek play at Bradford College.
'Arry (to Tom). I told you it was a Greek fake.
Tom (to 'Arry). How do you know?
'Arry (giving Hal as his authority). 'Cos it's 'Al-sez-tis.

The New Women.

THEY dress . . . like men.
THEY talk . . . like men.
THEY live . . . like men.
THEY don't . . . like men.

INTELLIGENCE FROM (AND AT) HAMBURG. — "Mr. G." was unable to go to the Zoo at feeding-time. He was conspicuous by his absence, as all the other lions were there.

NEW AND APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE AFTER-DINNER CRUMB-AND-FRAGMENT BASKET. — "The Morsel-cum."

'ARRY ON THE SEASON.

DEAR CHARLIE,—The pypers all tell us the Season is now at its 'ight;
Don't mean one o' Thomson's, my pippin.
That joser is now out of dyte.
When I was a bit of a kiddie, dad 'ad a old brown-covered book
Into which now and then, on a Sunday, 'e thought it the right thing to look.

Such sloppy saloop, my dear CHARLIE, "embellished" with rummy old cuts,
Drawn stiff and old-fashioned, by STOTHARD.
On one on 'em though, I was nuts,
Musical—somethink or other I fancy. But as to the cackle, Great Scott! —
"The sun rolling bounteous from Aries," and reams o' such molly slop rot.

Now if JEMMY 'ad sung of our Season, not Nature's old merry-go-round,
But London's pertikler, for swells, it 'ud suit me right down to the ground.
But as JEMMY has shirked it for tosh on "ethereal mildness," and such,
Wy 'ARRY must 'ave a cut in, and all London is fly to his touch.

Wot a Summer we're 'aving this Season!
All Nature seems trim and in tune;
Ripe storberries picked out o' doors, though we've 'ardly yet dropped into June;
The parks jest like bloomin' peraries, the water supply going queer,
And a general 'urrying up for stor 'ats, lemon squashes, and beer.

It seems only yesterday, CHARLIE, the stand-pipes was up in our street,

And "Are you froze off?" was the question of every poor pal you might meet.
And now there's a new "water famine" along o' the 'eat, not the cold,
And ginger-pop's sellin' as fast as it can be unbottled and sold.

Queen's doring-rooms, troopin' the colours, and trotting young NASHULLA round,
Is sights your true patriot's nuts on, and I've done my bit, you be bound.
I chi-iked to young Ingy-rubber, and give him the haffable nod;
And if H. R. H. didn't twig me, and drop me a smile, well, it's odd.

Hart's 'aving its innings, as usual, and so is old W. G.,
Only more so. My eye and a band-box, a rare bit o' stuff he must be!
As nigh forty-seven as don't matter, as big as a barrel, and yet
A-piling 'is centres like pea-shellin'! Sound Double Gloster, you bet!

I sor him at Lord's, mate, last Thursday, five 'ours and a arf in the sun,
A smiting and running as if, at 'is age, with 'is weight, it was fun!
'O! CHARLIE? My collar flopped limp, and I lapped lemon-squashes—a number;
And there was 'e tottling 'is Thousand, as cool as a bloomin' cowcumber.

I wouldn't ha' done it for tuppence; no, not with the cheerings chucked in.
Although the Pervillon fair rose at 'im. 'Ow gents of clars, and with tin,
And no need to it, CHARLIE, choose Cricket, at ninety degrees in the shyde,
When they could lay hidle, fair licks me. But, there, hevery one to 'is tryde!

A dust-coat, a white 'at, a field-glass, a landau and lashings o' fizz,
At Hascot would suit me fur better. The old sport o' kings is good biz,
With shekel, and luck, like Lord ROSEBERRY! Scissors! I do 'ate a Rad.
But a sportsman, as pulls off two Derbies, wy 'ang it, 'e can't be no Cad.

If Primrose would only turn Primrosen, wot a fair topper he'd be!
Wot can be 'is little gyme, CHARLIE, to foller old W. G.?
(I don't mean the cricketer this time.) That Liberal lot ain't no clars,
With a lot o' tag-rag they can't hold, and a lot o' bad Bills they can't pass.

The blot on this Season is Parlyment. Wy don't they 'urry it up,
And scoot to country, the cripples? St. Paul's to my tarrier pup,
They'd git a 'ot 'iding this journey. Let ROSEBERRY cut the thing short,
Chuck 'ARCOUR and pal on with Gentleman JOE, like a gent, and a Sport!

Then 'ARRY will talk to 'im, CHARLIE! Ah, well, I ain't got no more room,
Though I ain't done the Season arf justice. The last pale laburnum's in bloom,
But it ain't bin washed brimstone with rain-bursts. Our SARAH is hover from Parry,
Sir OASUSTUS is fair on the toot, so 'Ooray for the Season! Yours, 'ARRY.

NEW BOOK AND QUERY.—"Women's Tragedies. By H. D. LOWRY." Is the tragic history of *That Lass of Lochrie's* included? "But that is another story."

NOW WE'RE FURNISHED!

THIS is how the Guardians of the Middleton Union (County Cork) transact business:—

"Mr. Morrison (to the Chairman). You promised to write to the Local Government Board, and do it now. (Noise and interruptions.)"

"Mr. Murphy (warmly). I say the whole thing is all humbug, and based upon humbug."

"(At this stage there was great noise and confusion, several gentlemen speaking at the same time.)"

"Chairman (very warmly, and hitting the table). I say I am not a humbug, and I was never a humbug, and I hope I'll never have to be displaced from any public position because I was a humbug or a proved humbug."

Why did not the table turn upon the chair, and hit it back? This would have been a real case of table-turning. To parody EDWARD LEAR's delightful *Nonsense Songs*, said the Table to the Chair, "You can hardly be aware How it feels when you come down With your fist upon my crown."

"MENUS FLAÎRÉS."—One of the best menus of the season provided by the Lyceum House of Entertainment included, or rather did include, during last week past, such choice dishes, so much to the taste of everyone, as *The Ris d'Ellen Terry à la Nance Oldfield* and *Tête de Mathias à la Henri premier*. Appropriately, of course, did the orchestra, which plays before each performance, give the old familiar airs of "I would I were with Nancy," and "The Bells are ringing for"—*Mathias*—not for "Sara."



A STRAIGHT REPLY.

Daughter of a Hundred Earls (who is about to marry for love). "Now I AM GOING TO HAVE A HOUSE OF MY OWN, MRS. RUSTLE, I SHALL GET YOU TO GIVE ME A HINT OR TWO."

The Maternal Housekeeper. "WELL, LADY CLARA, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU MUCH. I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE CONTRIVANCES OF PEOPLE WITH SMALL MEANS."

A MISSED CHANCE.

[Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's "reply on behalf of the ladies was witty and felicitous, and only disappointed" those who had hoped that at least one "new woman" would have justified the claim of her sex to equality with the male by replying. "The only sign of novelty we detected about the ladies present was that a few condescended to puff cigarettes, to the evident scandal of some less advanced ladies."—The "Literary World" upon the late meeting of the "New Vagabond Club."]

Of novelties—and novel ties—in chase,

Advances the New Woman, destined winner Of true first-fiddledom and pride of place!

Already she's "advanced" to a club dinner

At the New Vagabonds! How Eleusinian

It sounds, how almost desperately daring!

Clubdom was once Man's absolute dominion,

Which now New Womanhood with him seems sharing.

"She made no speeches," though;—though FRANKFORT MOORE

Cracked jokes, and HOPE told tales! With mild regret One hears that, 'midst the after-dinner "roar"

Her share was—proxies and a cigarette!

Can it be her revolt against Man's yoke Shall end, as here, in silence and in smoke!

DAMP ITALIAN DRAMA.—The Evening Dews, eh?

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

[A paper on "The Amplitude of Rolling on a Non-synchronous Wave" was read before the Congress of Naval Architects in Paris.]

LAST week, the papers tell us, the talented and zealous Designers who construct our ships their best attention gave To M. BERTIN's writing on what sounds to us exciting—The amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

How often, crossing over those distressing Straits of Dover, Where flighty folks grow flabby and where giddy ones grow grave, We have meditated sadly that we don't encounter gladly The amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

The amplitude—we'd bear it, and would probably not care, it Seems but to be an adjunct which perhaps we might not crave. For that execrable rolling we require much more consoling, That amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

Yet the rolling might be ended if the waves could be amended To synchronously swell, all want of symmetry to save, But we can't be CAUTIOUS, can we? He could no more stop it than we—

That amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

So Lord DUFFERIN entreated all the experts, round him seated, To build a ship where passengers could comfortably shave, Even where a billiard-table would be absolutely stable, No amplitude of rolling, though non-synchronous the wave.

Naval Architects, then, hasten to diminish woes which chasten The happiness of hundreds, be they timorous or brave; Make a ship, like dry land seeming, where we should not think of dreaming

Of amplitude of rolling, though non-synchronous the wave.

WHITEWASHING THE STATUE OF CROMWELL.

"CROMWELL" wrote the *Daily News* on ARTHUR BALFOUR's speech, "was the only man of his time who understood the principles of religious freedom." Ahem!

"Papa," said Polly Eccles, referring to certain charges brought against her revered father, "Papa may have his faults, but he's a very clever man." So the *D. N.* as to the Protector CROMWELL. "OLIVER" says the *D. N.* in effect, "being human, may have had his faults, as had other men of his time, but he thoroughly understood religious freedom." Did he? In Ireland for example? With him "religious freedom" was like the verb in grammar, either "expressed" or "understood." It might have been "understood," but it certainly was not "expressed" in action. If CROMWELL was such a model of "religious freedom," then it will be as well to reconsider history under NERO, DIOCLETIAN, & Co., not to mention the amiable NINTH CHARLES of FRANCE, the genial HARRY THE EIGHTH of ENGLAND, the gentle PETER, Czar of All the Russias, and a few other kindly-disposed rulers, who were, probably, the only men of their time thoroughly understanding the principles of religious freedom. As the song says, "They wouldn't ha' hurt a biby, They were men as you could trust!" And for OLIVER himself, "He was all right when you knew him, But—you had to know him first!" Rather; and then you had to accommodate yourself to his little ways, or else so much the worse for one of the two, and that one wouldn't have been OLIVER CROMWELL. But, of course, between principles and practise there is a "Great Divide."

THE SHAHZADA, weary of London life and English enjoyment, will at last exclaim with the canny Scot, "For pleasure gie me Peebles!" (The original remark was made by the author of *Peebles whom I have met*.)

NOTE, SATURDAY, JUNE 15.—Piece running all last week in Theatre Royal Law Courts—"Bébé." For Monday's lunch Sir HENRY HAWKINS ordered a Capon.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 10.—School reopened after Whitsun Holidays. Occasion marked by lamentable episode. Attendance, as usual on Black Monday, very small. SPEAKER took Chair at three o'clock. No private business on hand; nothing to be done till half-past three. Meanwhile, SPEAKER and Members sit with hands folded.

Everyone knows the temptation of such opportunity for a nameless Personage. TOMMY's idle hands instinctively clutched after mischief. Suppose he were to move to have House counted? Evidently not forty present; nothing very serious would follow. SPEAKER would count. If not forty on hand, would leave Chair, sit at table, and wait till they came. Or he would go off, come back any time before four when message brought in that a quorum was in sight. Still, it would be a lark; would startle the House, frighten Ministers, possibly postpone commencement of business by half an hour.

Cap'en just rising with intent to observe that there are not forty Members present, when happier thought struck him. Why not get some landsman to do the trick? The more venerable and venerated the agent the better. TOMMY knows himself to be a wicked old salt. House not shocked now at anything he does. Half the fun gone if he played this prank himself. Shifting his quid and scanning horizon, noted in his place Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart., G.C.S.I., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, once Governor of Bombay, sometime Chief Commissioner of Central Provinces of India.

The very man for the job. Buttonholing him with his hook, Cap'en TOMMY opened his little plot. TEMPLE aghast at first. Never known such a thing done, and the like. TOMMY jawed away, twisting TEMPLE round the tip of his hook like a marlingspike on a flying jibboom. Convinced him that public duty called for sacrifice of private prejudices. Having squared TEMPLE, TOMMY got men near him to walk out before House was counted, so as to reduce chances of quorum.

Bell rang; Members rushed in; Ministers huddled on Treasury Bench like flock of frightened sheep. TOMMY, looking down from shrouds in Strangers' Gallery, carefully counted.

"Only thirty two," he said. "Done it!"

But SPEAKER can count as well. "One—two—four—fourteen—twenty-seven—thirty-nine, forty," said he, with tone of conviction that precluded contradiction.

"Blow me tight!" said TOMMY, coming out of the shrouds, a deathly pallor shining through his tan. That was not his exact expression; but it was equivalent to his remark.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Tuesday.—EDWARD GREY is a hard nut for Irresponsible Verbosity to crack. SILOMIO, his jaws aching with attempts at crunching SYDNEY BUXTON, sometimes turns to him, and goes away sorrowing. TOMMY has a tuck in at him occasionally, but makes nothing of the job. To night AMBROSE, Q.C., took him in hand. Drew up stupendous question on subject of Great Britain's relations with the Porte in respect of Armenia.

"That 'll fetch him," he said, as he ogled the paper on which the question was set forth in bold type. Is there a treaty obligation, he wanted to know, as distinguished from mere discretionary right,

authorising Great Britain to interfere in the affairs of Armenia, or make war upon the Porte? If so, specify the treaty and the particular article or articles creating such obligation.

This a bare summary of question, the drafting of which had cost AMBROSE, Q.C., some sleepless nights. SILOMIO had looked over it; TOMMY had touched it up; BARTLEY had beamed over it; HANBURY had hugged it. GREY's last hour (of course in Parliamentary sense) had evidently come. He had wriggled out of some earlier man traps set for him. This would settle him.

And this is what GREY said in reply:—"The article of the Treaty of Berlin relative to the point raised by the hon. member is the sixty-first."

Only that, and nothing more. The raven on the pallid bust of FALLAS was scarcely more disappointingly laconic. There was a shocked pause; then allied forces swooped down on UNDER SECRETARY, crying, in chorus. Did the clause mean this? Did it mean that?

"The hon. member," said GREY, not even smiling, "must place his own interpretation on the clause."

Evidently nothing to be done with a person of this temperament. SILOMIO, with a wild shriek, learned in Swaziland, dashed in with fresh questions; was neatly tripped up by SPEAKER; lay sprawling on ground with dishevelled hair. Before he could get up, SNAPE was asking HOME SECRETARY if the police might not be supplied with lighter clothing in summer months.

Business done.—Crofters Bill read second time.

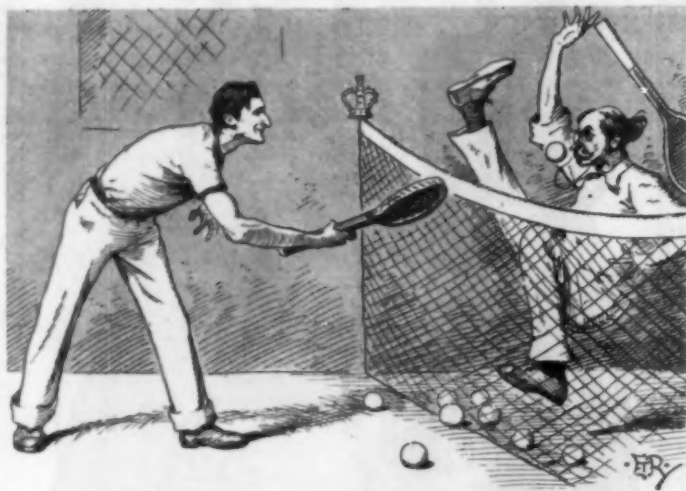
Wednesday. Off Tilbury.—Yes, I'm off Tilbury, and shall be off to the Baltic at four bells, whatever time that may be. Mr. G. is responsible for it. Tired of doing nothing; pondering perilously over growing temptation to run up to town, plunge into Parliamentary work; address meeting at Blackheath on Armenian question. In nick of time comes letter from DON CURRIE, proposing a trip to Kiel for opening of Baltic Canal.

"The very thing!" said Mr. G., vaulting over the library table at Hawarden, where he was sitting when letter arrived. "But TOBY, M.P., must come with us."

Objections urged in vain. What would Constituents in Berks say, me running away from work? Who was to write the only authentic matter-of-fact record of Parliamentary doings for future historians? Mr. G., with all the impetuosity of youth, would listen to nothing. So here I am, on board the R.M.S. *Tantallon Castle*. Here, also, is quite a quorum of members. Curious to see how they all trooped in just now when luncheon-bell rang. Said they thought it was a division; being in saloon, might as well stay.

That's all very well. By-and-by we'll be on the North Sea, where the stormy winds do blow, do blow. Shall see then whether we can keep a House through the dinner hour.

Business done.—Anchor weighed. Mr. G. taking the helm till we're out in the open, when anyone can steer. Looks more than usually knowing in a sou' wester. Wind N.E. Barometer falling.



Vantage in (Sir E. Gr-y and Sir E. Ashm-d-B-rtly-tt.)



Don Currie, Lord High Admiral.

when anyone can steer. Looks more than usually knowing in a sou' wester. Wind N.E. Barometer falling.

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